A DETECTIVE WHO DETECTED

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

Copyright, 1898 by J. P. Lippincott Co.

III.

I had not told an unblushing falsehood when I had said that I knew a man who made umbrellas. To be precise, I knew a man who sold umbrellas, for I had bought umbrellas from him, and for aught I knew he might make them himself or at least have them made for him. But it was too late to hunt him up that night. I went home hugging that precious umbrella, her umbrella and her work, and laid it on the table in my little room while I thought over the situation. Within the last six hours the situation had altered with a vengeance. Six hours before that I had been intent upon running down the person who had victimized the Gazette to the extent of $100. And now I was intent upon shielding that person, or some one whom I supposed to be that person, from the results of her misdemeanor.

At times I could not bring myself to the belief that she could be the guilty one. Looking at that umbrella, her umbrella, her school umbrella, I cudgeled my brains for explanations and excuses. They were rather unsophisticated people, this father and daughter, and perhaps they had done this wretched thing when hard pushed for money, and without a realization of its heinousness. Some excellent people, women especially, saw nothing wrong in cheating the government by smuggling in laces and gloves—rather the contrary; they boasted to their friends of their success. Perhaps Miss Robertson saw nothing worse in getting the best of a newspaper. Such an achievement gave evidence of moral bluntness which I could not associate with her; and yet—and yet—the evidence was certainly against her. But was it? After all, what did my precious evidence amount to? It was not enough to convict a professional thief, to say nothing of this young girl. With this comforting reflection I went to bed, to dream that the heavens rained fire and brimstone and that my only defense against the downpour was that umbrella—her umbrella.

As it would be necessary to have some sort of story ready for Miss Robertson when I met her at the library the next morning, I left my boarding house early and stopped at the shop of my umbrella dealer. In a dozen words I told him the story and showed him the umbrella. He smiled good naturedly.

"It doesn't seem a bad idea to you, Mr. Seymour," said he, "but to anyone in the trade it's absurd, for a number of reasons. In the first place, you never could make a water-tight joint where that glass is fitted in; there would always be a leak there. If that was not enough to damn it, people would not carry such an umbrella, because other people would look after them and perhaps laugh; then the glass would prevent the umbrella being furled up into the tight thin roll that fashion demands; finally, no one would pay a penny more for an umbrella with an eye-glass in it than for one without. If anyone wants to sell you the patent, avoid it as you would the plague. It's a capital idea—to let alone."

There was nothing more to be said, and I walked on to the library hugging that umbrella. With all its faults, it was still precious. At the doors I met Miss Robertson, who had evidently been on the watch for me.

"Well," she said, her eyes dancing with eagerness, "was your friend enthusiastic?" How could I dash her hopes?

"He said it was a capital idea," I replied. She saw that I was not full of hope. "But he suggested weak points," I went on. And gradually I told her the whole story. She made a brave show about it, but her eyes were dim with a suspicion of tears.

"What does one man's verdict amount to?" I said, as cheerfully as I could. "Probably this particular manufacturer is an idiot."

"You said that he is an intimate friend of yours, didn't you?" and there was a ghost of a smile.

"Of course," I said, only too happy to see the mist of tears disappear; "but he may be an idiot all the same."

"Oh, I'm afraid not. You see, two umbrella dealers to whom papa spoke said about the same thing, and declined to go into the matter even to the extent of making a few such umbrellas. To tell the truth, I had no very great hopes, and it is better to know the facts. Poor papa! I must do a good day's copying to console him; he was more sanguine than I. Thank you all the same, Mr. Seymour. I'm sure you have done your best."

With her sunniest smile she tripped into the library, and was soon engrossed in her work. There was a boy from the Gazette office waiting for me with a note from my chief. Another bother was in store for me. I was needed for a hurried expedition to a political convention in Boston, and Burton, the managing editor, wrote that he had decided to put a professional detective on the matter of "Daisy's Quest" and release me from the job. Would I be so good as to write out what I had accomplished in running down the thief, if anything, and turn it into the office before I left town? It might be useful to the detective in question.

Here was a pretty pickle! Unfortunately, I had told Burton that I was searching the cards of the Manhattan library for any person who might have taken out a copy of the Londoner for 1848. My friend, the librarian, would give the detective the same information. Without a doubt the man would go over those cards again, would find Miss Robertson's name, and she might be accused of the theft. What was to be done? I pretended to read a book while I thought it over. Luncheon time came and I had decided upon a course. I should tell Miss Robertson the whole story. On their returning the $100, the Gazette would, with my influence, take no further steps in the matter. If she could not return the money, I could and would.

When the noon bell rang I carried Miss Robertson's books to the desk for her and begged for a few words with her on her way to lunch.

"About the umbrella?" she whispered.

"No; about a more serious matter."

Miss Robertson looked startled, but said nothing.

It was an ideal spring day, and the air was like a breath of heaven after the tomb-like atmosphere of the library. We strolled along the old-fashioned street in which the library is situated. It was a hard matter to begin. Miss Robertson said but little, waiting, somewhat uneasily, for me. I plunged in, and I take some credit to myself for the delicacy with which I did it. I began the story just as if she had nothing to do with it. I told her how I had been asked to trace the person who had palmed off an old story upon the Gazette, how I had heard of a copy of the Londoner in the Manhattan library, and had finally discovered the card bearing the name of the person who had last taken out that copy of the magazine. Miss Robertson had the valuable faculty of assuming interest in a story whether or not she felt any; her eyes grew big with excitement as I reached the climax. We had forgotten all about luncheon. What an actress she was! Not a tremor of fear, not even a blush!

"And you actually found the card, Mr. Seymour! Well, do go on; what was the name upon the card?"

"Yours," I said, slowly. I had to be cruel, to be kind.

"Mine," she exclaimed, with a puzzled smile.

"Unfortunately, yes." My manner was grave. Her smile flickered and died out. Then a suspicion of the truth dawned upon her.

"Well—but—then if my name was upon that card—then you suspect—that I cheated your newspaper!"

She had stopped walking, and was very pale. But her dark eyes flashed.

"Oh!" she went on, without giving me time to answer, "how could anyone suspect me of such a thing? You don't know me, but you might have known that I— This comes of making acquaintances in the street!"

Her tone was bitter, and her eyes flashed scorn. She grasped the iron

Her tone was bitter.

railing in front of a house, as if to keep from falling. I began inwardly to curse myself for having even dared to suggest her guilt by my looks, if not by my words. But I found my tongue.

"Miss Robertson," I said, hurriedly, "you say that I do not know you. I know you well enough to have wished with all my heart and soul to be of help to you. I have not said that I thought you guilty of any wrong, or that I even suspected you. But here is your name coupled with this wretched case. In another hour I shall have left the city and a professional detective will be placed upon the case. He will find this peculiar evidence. You can imagine what you might have to face and what I wanted to spare you. You may have made my acquaintance in the street, but, believe me, I have done you no harm. Everything I have seen about you I have liked—very much—too much for my own peace of mind. If we meet again—"

"Will you kindly leave me?" she said, coldly. "I must go back to my work. I—never want to see you again."

"I am going," I said, "and it is not probable that we shall meet again. I am not given to intruding myself. But if we do meet again, try to believe that the young man whom you met in the street did his best to do you a kindness. I may be a fool, but I wanted to help you. Good-by, and forgive me."

I had not gone a dozen steps when she stopped me.

"Mr. Seymour," she said, quietly, and with a vast dignity for so young a girl, "you may be right; perhaps I ought to thank you. But I can't—you ought"—here there was a suspicion of a sob—"you ought to have known. I can forgive you only when you find the thief you are looking for. My father will never forgive you."

She turned away with the air of an offended queen. But I fancied I caught the echo of another faint sob, and that fancy was of extraordinary comfort to me for the next fortnight.

I am afraid the Gazette got but indifferent service out of me during those next few weeks. I went to the Boston convention, and while I listened to speeches, dull and otherwise, my mind was in the Manhattan library. As to what happened during my absence of course I knew nothing. When the convention was over and I could get back, my first question to Burton, made with as indifferent an air as I could muster, concerned "Daisy's Quest."

"Oh," he replied, "we gave it up. The detective merely wasted a week. It was throwing good money after bad."

I breathed more freely, and for a few days tried to make myself believe that I had dismissed Miss Robertson and "Daisy's Quest" from my mind. Secretly, I knew better. For a week I kept away from the neighborhood of the library. Then one day I really had occasion to consult a book that I knew was there and nowhere else; so I resolved to go. Surely I had the right to do so, and it would be idiotic to allow a morbid memory to interfere with my business or even my pleasure. So I went. It was just before the noon hour. There she sat as usual, her eyes fastened upon her work. When the bell rang a greasy-looking chap in green goggles and with a sickly grin carried her books to the desk for her; and she thanked him with a smile.

Probably she was a good deal of a flirt. And probably I was not the only young man whose acquaintance she had made in the street. I got away before she saw me. Another week passed. Life had lost its savor. It was of no use trying to deceive myself. Perhaps the best thing to do was to take up my detective business again. I had made so brilliant a success of it already! But that was the only avenue towards a reconciliation. She would forgive me when I found the thief of "Daisy's Quest." But where should I begin? It looked hopeless, and it might take months—or years. Meantime that greasy fellow in the green goggles would be making headway; slowly, perhaps, but the turtle got there in the end.

Suppose I did take up "Daisy's Quest" again and gave all my spare time and money to the enterprise, what were my chances of accomplishing anything? If I gave years to it, Miss Robertson might at least give me credit for devotion to the cause; I might, and probably would, grow thin and haggard—that might touch her. But, again, I might devote no end of time and money to the case, and Miss Robertson be no wiser and no better for it in the end. I still had her umbrella; that was some comfort. If I could only take it back to her I should be willing to undergo some of the choicest tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. The more I pondered the less light I saw ahead of me.

I was at the lowest ebb of courage and hope, and seriously thought of boldly calling at Miss Robertson's house to return that umbrella, for life of the kind I led was not worth living, when something occurred. Upon getting home to dinner one night I found a dirty scrap of paper with these words scrawled upon it:

"I can tell you where Danders is to be seen.

"JAMES SULLIVAN.

"Bartender at 318 East Thirteenth street."

My brain was on fire in a minute. All the whisky in Sullivan's saloon could not have made it work at a quicker pace. No dinner for me that night. In ten minutes I had found a cab and was bowling along to 318 East Thirteenth street. I found my barkeeping friend exasperatingly cool. I had expected to find him eagerly waiting for me. On the contrary, I had to introduce myself and refresh his memory with that five-dollar bill before he could remember much about Danders. Yes, Danders had turned up again, but not in that saloon. Sullivan had met him at the saloon of a friend of his in Twenty-second street near Ninth avenue, and upon making inquiries had discovered that he (Danders) was accustomed to spend most of his evenings there.

Off I started for Twenty-second street. It was past eight o'clock when I sauntered into the saloon with as good an air of indifference as I could summon up. Was Danders there? A dozen men were in the saloon, some playing cards, some reading the papers or gossiping. In one corner was a man whose face was strangely familiar to me. I sat down before a glass of beer and while pretending to read a newspaper studied Danders. It was Danders without a doubt—"a small young fellow, reddish hair, chin-whiskers, seedy dress;" he filled Sullivan's description. But where had I seen him before? I have a capital memory, and was able to reconstruct gradually the scene in which Danders had played a part in my life. It was in some gloomy place. The light was bad. The man was carrying something in his arms. But what? Ah! I had it now. It was a load of books. Then the truth flashed upon me. Danders was the clerk at the library whom I had met in the alcove when I had gone to look at that copy of the Londoner. My work was done. I finished my beer and went to the house of my friend the librarian, getting his address from the directory.

"Can you tell me whose handwriting that is?" I asked him, producing Danders' letter to the Gazette.

"Certainly," said he, without a second's hesitation. "It's the writing of Jameson, the man who has charge of the magazine department of the library."

Then I told him what I had learned.

"I never fully trusted that fellow," was my friend's comment as he agreed to meet me at the library the next morning.

When I got there he was already in his private room, and before him was the famous card bearing Miss Robertson's name.

"I'm afraid that you don't half know your business, Mr. Detective," said he, with a smile.

"I'm afraid not," said I.

"Take another look at that card, and tell me if you discover nothing peculiar."

"Yes," said I, a new light breaking in upon me. "The words 'Londoner, 1848,' are in imitation of the rest of the handwriting of the card, but are by another hand."

"Of course," responded the librarian. "Now that we know the truth, we are wonderfully sharp, are we not? Those words are in Jameson's hand disguised to imitate Miss Robertson's handwriting, which covers the rest of the card. Here is Jameson's last report to me of the condition of his department. Look at the capital J in his signature and the capital J in June on that card. The reason for all this is clear. Our men are forbidden to take books from the shelves except upon the written order of visitors. But they can read the books returned during the day and need not put them back on the shelves until evening. In order to keep that copy of the Londoner while copying the stories sold to the Gazette Jameson put it down at the end of Miss Robertson's list for the day. Observe that on all these cards of Miss Robertson's the Londoner always comes last."

The case seemed clear enough.

"I have sent for Jameson," continued the librarian. "Here he is now."

The interview was a painful one. The fellow confessed in an abject manner and begged for mercy. He had needed the money for debts, and would refund it at once if allowed to go. I consulted by telephone with Burton, and that afternoon Jameson paid back the hundred dollars and left the library forever.

When that part of my work was finished I went over to where Miss Robertson was putting up her papers for the day. The young idiot in green goggles was preparing to grin and carry her books to the desk. She started and flushed as I approached her chair.

"Will you allow me to help you with these books?" said I, as if nothing unpleasant had ever happened between us. "I have something to tell you when we get outside."

"Have you found the thief?" she answered, gravely.

"I have," said I, barely able to conceal the note of triumph in my voice.

When we reached the street I told her all.

"I am glad for your sake," she said. "You have recovered your hundred dollars." She was still a deeply offended divinity.

"The hundred dollars? That was of no importance. I should have given ten times the sum to win the privilege of taking back your umbrella and to hear you say you forgive me. In time I shall hope to make your father forgive me, too."

"My father—knows nothing of this wretched blun—business. I never told him that his daughter had been suspected of theft."

"Then may I take back your umbrella this evening? You said that when I found the thief you would forgive me. You have a great deal to forgive. The best of us may blunder, Miss Robertson. You must not expect too much of a young man whose acquaintance you made in the—library."

"Very well," she said, simply, and the shadow was lifted.

Shall I go on? Is it worth while? Friends of ours sometimes speak of the wonderful success of newspaper men as amateur detectives. Then my wife smiles quietly. But I think that I also can afford to smile. You would think so, too, if you knew her.

THE END.

On the Lawyer.

The excited caller dropped into a chair.

"You're a lawyer, ain't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to sue a feller for me."

"What for?"

"Damages. I want to stick him for $5,000."

"What has he done?"

"Called me a 'shyster.'"

"What did he do that for?"

"I don't know. That's what I want to find out. I'm going to make him prove it."

"And he called you a shyster, did he? Have you any witnesses to testify to that?"

"More'n a dozen."

"H'm! Do you know what a shyster is?"

"No. I haven't the least idee."

"A shyster is a cheap lawyer."

"Gosh! Sue him for $10,000!"—Chicago Tribune.

When It Paid.

It was at the village sewing circle, and the unprofitable question of the failure or success of marriage was under discussion. Beulah Blank, a war widow, thrifty to the last degree of New England thriftiness, kept silent until some one said:

"What do you think about it, Beulah?"

"Well, I must say that it depends," said Beulah. "Now when a woman gits married, an' her husband gits drafted into the army, and he gits killed, and she gits a pension of $12 a month as long as she lives, it pays to git married. That's what I think."—Youth's Companion.

Uncle Bill's Ideas.

As a rule when time hangs heavily on a man he pawns it.

When a man loses confidence he usually finds disappointment.

A barber talks because he likes to scrape an acquaintance.

A word to a man who thinks he's wise is generally considered an insult.—Cleveland Leader.

THE ARMY SANDWICH.

One Kind That the Old Veteran Doesn't Find Among the Many Now Served.

"I read the other day," said a civil war veteran, "that there are made nowadays, including some that are peculiar to seasons and some that are made to order, 75 different varieties of sandwiches, and that you can always find ready, in the big establishments where such things are sold, 20 or 30 varieties. I don't doubt that for a minute, but I'd like to bet that there's one kind of sandwich that you could not find at any of them, at any season, and that is one that, if not exactly popular, was at least widely known, and, in some parts of the country, extensively some 30-odd years ago, namely, the pork sandwich.

This sandwich was peculiar to the army. When the dinner call sounded you got your tin cup and walked up the company street to where the cook's fire was, and where the camp kettles hung from a pole supported at the ends by crotched sticks driven in the ground. Pork, hard bread and coffee for dinner; and if there was plenty of hard bread you helped yourself from an open box; if there wasn't plenty, then the cook, or somebody helping him, dealt it out as the men came up, so many crackers to a man. Then the cook gave you your slice of pork, you held out your crackers and he laid it on the top one. Then you got your coffee and started for your tent, walking down the company street, juggling the pork on top of the crackers in one hand, and the old pint cup filled with coffee in the other. You did it without dropping the one or spilling a drop of the other; there was skill born of long practice.

"Scrumptuous dinner? Well, like a good many other things, that depended a heap on circumstances. If we hadn't had anything to eat for a week, then a pork sandwich with a cup of coffee was a great delicacy. If we hadn't had anything to eat for a week but pork sandwiches, then they got to be just a shade monotonous."—N. Y. Sun.

Prejudice.

When men blinded by prejudice are just the wheel of fortune will be square.—Chicago Daily News.

To See the Process.

Wee Edith was sitting near the bank of one of our large rivers, looking very disconsolate. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "the geography says this river empties its waters into the ocean, and I've watched here two whole days and it's just as full as it ever was."—Judge.

GROW PRIME FRUIT.

Those Who Do It and Get Acquainted with the Consumer Are Bound to Make Money.

Every grower of fine fruit should aim to get acquainted in a business way with his customers. I have a friend who grows superb berries, and in every box he puts a ticket giving his name and the variety of fruit, and in the largest type he says: "Price always five cents above the market price." With berries selling at eight or ten cents ordinarily he gets five cents more, and that means a big profit. Can he sell them? Certainly. He sells more than any other grower in the county, and gets his price. Then, too, his berries are so fine and large he gets them picked for one-half cent less a quart than others, and he makes it pay both ways.

In the fruit growing of the future there must be a cutting down of the acreage of the majority of the growers. They must grow larger and better fruit, of greater beauty and higher quality, and the grower who gets the closest in touch with the consumer will get the highest price. Another thing will be the production on a tremendous scale by a few growers, by companies, with certain lines of fruits in certain localities suited to them. The small growers might do better by cooperation, perhaps, as to methods of packing and selling and transportation, and it will bring more money to pay some specialist to place your products on the market in more desirable shape.

I have not said anything of the home supply. It is one of the most important things of all. Every farm home should have the greatest possible variety of fruit. You do not take interest enough to do this now, perhaps, but think it over, and you will see how important it is. Plant your grounds with beautiful trees and make home surroundings beautiful, your lawn attractive with beautiful flowers, and the inside of your homes attractive as well. There is nothing better than this.—J. H. Hale, in Rural World.

PROTECTING SHRUBS.

An Easily Made Covering That Keeps Out the Cold and Prevents Crushing by Heavy Snow.

Protection against cold and protection against crushing snow are both furnished to shrubs and plants by such a covering as is shown in the cut. First, hay is bound around the plant, being brought out upon the ground to protect the roots. Then burlap is tied about the hay, and, lastly, three stakes

SHRUB IN WINTER DRESS.

are driven into the ground and tied together over the top. Winds cannot now blow the plant over nor snows crush it down. A similar result can be obtained by driving a stake down beside the shrub before putting on the hay and burlap, allowing the stake to project up through the covering. This stake holds the wind in check and also holds up the covering so that the snow that falls upon it will not exert a crushing weight.—N. Y. Tribune.

PERMANENT LABELS.

A Matter of Some Importance to Horticulturists Who Want to Keep Names of Plants.

The little wooden labels which are used to mark the trees and plants sent out from the nursery are not durable. They are light affairs and generally are fastened on with a piece of iron wire which soon rusts off. If it does not rust and break the limb will often grow around it, and may become so injured as to break off. The name is written on with a common lead pencil and the weather of one year will wear it off, and thus the name is lost.

If it is desired to keep the name of the plant on a label attached to it it may be done in this way: Get a heavy six or eight-inch label and rub it over with white lead thinned with the least bit of oil. Then with a soft pencil, and before the lead is dry, write on the name and anything else you may wish. This will last for several years.

Now procure some No. 14 or No. 16 copper wire and cut it in pieces a foot or more long. Make a loop on each end, give the middle a twist around the label and hang it around a small branch, hooking the loops together and pinching them up tight. Such a label fastened in this manner will last for years.—Edwin C. Powell, in National Stockman.

How to Care for Apples.

An apple, says Dr. Hoskins, should never at any time, while being handled and being stored, become cooler than the surrounding atmosphere. If it does not it will never sweat, for this sweat is simply atmospheric moisture precipitated upon the cold apple precisely as it is precipitated upon the outside of a pitcher of water in summer. An apple cannot be made to sweat in any true sense. The skin of all sound, smooth apples is nearly as air and water tight as India rubber.

The Difficult Shopper.

First Clerk—What a tiresome customer that woman is!

Second Clerk—Yes; she always knows what she wants, and she won't take anything else.—Chicago Record.

Optimism.

"I shall never marry," said the bachelor.

"You always were optimistic," returned the benedict.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Crowning Glory.

Now comes the maiden down the aisle,
Upon her face behold a winsome smaise
Full of glee;
For she knows her new fall taisle
Will raise the other maidens' baisle
And she'll be envied for a whaisle,
Don't you see.
—Chicago Daily News.

FLATTERING TO UNCLE.

"Mamma, has God made everything?"

"Yes, dear."

"Uncle Karl, there, too?"

"Of course, Elsa."

"Oh, how God must have laughed when he had him completed."—Sondags-Nisse.

Wants.

Man wants but little here below;
Though this be doubtful, well we know
That woman is not such a dunce—
She wants a lot and all at once.
—Chicago Daily Record.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address,
F. J. CHENEY & Co.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall' Family

The most valuable Christmas present you can give your child is one of Rector's Pictorial and Historical charts. It will delight your child. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of one dollar.

address,
JOHN K. RECTOR,
Little Rock, Ark.

Notice.

The 20th Street Baptist Church has moved its place of worship from its former place of worship (20th street, between Main and Cary) to corner of 21st and Grace street, and the name has also been changed to that of Macedonia Baptist Church. The public is invited to attend the services which take place at the usual hours—11 a m. S. S. 3 p. m.; regular services, 8 p. m.

Rev. A. B SMITH, Pastor;
JAMES POWELL, Clerk.
12-2-1m.

Special Notice.

The ministers, lawyers, doctors, clerks, insurance collectors, market men, porters, laborers, boot blacks, men in every occupation, members of minstrel troupes, Grand Lodge of Masons, Grand Army of Republic, Samaritans, True Reformers and all other bodies that meet in Richmond, take their meals at Thompson's Dining Room.

We Buy
Old Mahogany Furniture
AND...
PAYS THE...
BEST PRICE!
CALL AT THE PLANET OFFICE

SECOND TO NONE
Woman's Corner Stone Beneficial Ass'n.
Incorporated March, 1897

OFICE: - 502 W. LEIGH ?
Authorized Capital, $5,000

Claims promptly paid as soon as satisfactory notice of sickness or death is placed in home office.

OFFICERS:

Louisa E. Williams, - President
Kate Holmes, - - Vice-President.
Bettie Brown, - - Treasurer.
Mildred Cooke Jones, Sec. & Bus. Man

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Louisa E. Williams, Kate Holmes
Mattie F. Johnson, Ann M. Johnson
Bettie Brown, Mildred C. Jones.

WW SCOTT
308 N. 2ND STREET.

Hair-Cutting, Shaving and Shampooing in First Class Style. Tonsorial Apartments now open to receive you. Call and see me. tf.

DR. D. A. FERGUSON,
Dentist.
Gold Crown and Bridge Work. Special Attention Children's Cases.
Office, 110 E. Leigh St.,

MONEY
Open an Account with Us.
We will lend you any amount from $5 to $1000 to be paid back in small weekly payments. Something new, purely mutual and takes the place of a bank account to persons of small means Terms reasonable. Address or call on
THE U. S. MUTUAL BANKING CO.
Room 7, Ebel Building,
832 EastMain Street.

The Custalo House.
702 E. BROAD ST.
Having remodeled my bar, and having an up-to-date place, I am prepared to serve my friends and the public at the same old stand.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
FRST CLASS RESTAURANT.
Meals At All Hours.
New 'Phone. 1261. Wm. Custalo, Prop

H. F. Jonathan,
Fish, Oysters & Produce

120 N. 17th St., Richmond, Va
Orders will receive prompt attention
Phone 157.

Dr. Humphreys'
Specifics cure by acting directly upon the disease, without exciting disorder in any other part of the system.

NO.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations.	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic...	.25
3	Teething, Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults.....	.25
7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach.	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods....	.25
12	Whites, Too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness.....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	.25
16	Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague....	.25
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.25
20	Whooping-Cough.....	.25
27	Kidney Diseases.....	.25
28	Nervous Debility.....	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed....	.25
77	Grip, Hay Fever.....	.25

Dr. Humphreys' Manual of all Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed Free.
Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Humphreys' Med. Co Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

IT BEATS THEM ALL.
RECTOR'S
New Pictorial and Historical Chart!
The New Negro for the New Century, with Facts, Theories and Statistics.
ORNAMENTAL FOR HOMES! USEFUL FOR CHILDREN!

If you have no library you can not do without it. Your children have no incentive to labor unless they see it. It contains our leading Institution of Learning, Leading Living Creators of Thought and Sentiment. Every man represents and idea—Bowen, for scholarship; Turner, for colonization; Morris, for organization; Dunbar, for poetry; Tanner, for art; Washington, for education; etc. Seventeen portraits of distinguished Leaders, and hundreds of facts concerning the Race's progress. Our lamented Douglas and Cuba's Maryr, Maceo.

The best material and subject-matter ever offered the public-Lithographs on Canvas. Sent post-paid to any address for $1.00. Most rapid Seller ever handled by agents.

AGENTS WANTED in every county and state in the Union. Secure terms and territory on the first edition, Price, $1.00. Address,
JOHN K. RECTOR, Publisher, 804 Broadway LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

'Phone, 577. - - New Phone, 1133
A. D. PRICE,
Funeral Director Embalmer and Liveryman
All orders promptly filled at short notice by telegraph or telephon Halls rented for meetings and nice entertainments. Plenty of room with ble rates and nothing but first class carriages, buggies, etc. Keeps constantly on hand fine Funeral Supplies.
212 East Leigh Street
[RESIDENCE NEXT DOOR.]
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT—MAN ON DUTY ALL NIGH